Love-Poems

In Hindi

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X 20

Love-Poems In Hindi

By

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Fellow of the Asiatic Society of Bengal.

29 Illustrations & 4 Colour Plates.

CALCUTTA

6 Old Post Office Street

First Printed
March 1936

Printed at
The Venus Printing Works
52/7, Bow Bazar Street, Calcutta
By
K. C. MITRA
and Published by
A. N. GANGOLY
At No. 6 Old Post Office Street, Calcutta
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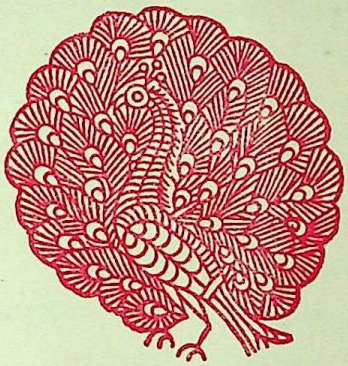

"घन दरसावन है विज्जुतरसावन है मोर हरषावन है।"

As the clouds come into view, and the lightening
dazzles in terms of terror,
The Peacock is in raptures.

"হৃদয় আমার নাচেরে আজিকে
ময়ূরের মত নাচেরে"

My heart to-day dances in ecstacy
like unto the Peacock in raptures.

—Tagore

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In this attempt to offer to lovers of poetry a sheaf of typical Love-Poems in Hindi—the author must confess to a feeling of embarrassment, for, his acquaintance with Hindi poetry has been so superficial and short-lived that he can hardly be said to be qualified to judge Hindi poetry at its best, or to select what is most typical, or representative. And if the examples that are gathered here—do not appeal to critics of poetry, the author will beg of them to accept his apology that the fault is in the unworthy compiler—not in the quality of Hindi Love-Poems.

One of the barriers to the understanding of Hindi Poetry is their hide-bound conventions and artificialities, which are inherited from the old Sanskrit Alaṃkára Śástra,* with their codified canons, and the classifications of moods and sentiments.

Another difficulty in appreciation is furnished by its obviously erotic character: the subject of Love-passion is treated in Hindi poetry in a somewhat frank and open manner,—a manner which is not, at all, agreeable to modern taste. But, this so-called physical passion—'the Love of the Flesh' is invariably

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* The canons of Rhetorics.

sublimated by a mystic religious feeling which interprets the love of man and woman—in terms of the love of Man and God. Indeed, nearly the whole body of Hindi poetry belongs to a cycle of Literature which had for its **motif** the popular Kṛiṣṇa-cult,—a worship of, and a passionate devotion to Kṛiṣṇa, as a personal God, akin to a woman's attachment to her lover. This movement was almost a protest, if not a revolt against the cold intellectualism of Brahminic philosophy and the lifeless formalism of mere ceremonials. It made religion more humanistic and more accessible to popular realization. At any rate, it helped to make Life more full-flavoured and enjoyable than the schools of asceticism with their denial of life.

The great volume of Hindi Literature had another interesting phase. The old Sanskrit **Śṛingāra** and **Rasa-Śástra**,—Erotics, Love-lore, and their codified conventions in Rhetorics, were made available in Hindi recensions, not merely as academic formulae,—but revised, re-stated, and classified in terms of actual experience. The imageries of the Love of Rādhā and Kṛiṣṇa threw a mystic glamour over the love affairs of human beings,—from which Hindi Love-Poetry derives its peculiar flavour. The literary productions in Hindi represent a complete

vulgarization of the academic Sanskrit culture,—translated in terms of popular folk-psychology.

Another feature of Hindi poetry is its miniature and lyrical character. Although long narrative and epic poetry are not wholly rare,—the genius of Hindi poetry lies in its short, summary and lyrical form. It seems to answer very happily to the definition of Edgar Allen Poe that the only true poem *is* the short poem,—the lyric,—because, of all forms of poetry,—the short poem can be carried through and executed in a single gush of emotion. For, according to some critics,—the creative impulse cannot be maintained through long periods of thoughtful execution, and that the original flash of inspiration spends itself, like fire-works, in momentary blazes,—and cannot be sustained and recovered in its integrity after long intervals of rest and reflection,—through the necessarily long and painful process of forging an appropriate form for a great poetic idea.

Without subscribing to the validity of this theory, it may be remarked that Hindi Poetry is at its best in its lyrical forms, and the **dohā**, the couplet, and the **chaupaî**, the quatrain, are its characteristic forms. But to be miniature in form is not necessarily to be trivial in thought. And Hindi Poetry, if it has failed to fill large canvasses, or to embellish

expansive tapestries of rich poetic thoughts—has specialised in forms of depth and intensity, and their miniature forms, sometimes, flash and sparkle, like little gems and jewels,—the tiny sparks of which many people prefer to the brilliance and effulgence of the Sun.

Another peculiar feature of Hindî poetry is derived from the quality of its language. Descended from old **prákṛita** folk-dialects,—the tongue of common and everyday use,—it has a simplicity and flexibility, which lends itself to easy, rhythmic versification. The united consonant is almost unknown in Hindî Poetry. Though necessarily lacking the rich sonorousness of a classical language, —Hindî poetry also happily escapes from the ornate heaviness of the classical tongue, and thus attains a simplicity and a lithe sprightliness of form,—which gracefully bends itself to the caresses and curves of mellifluous cadences and rhythms. Unfortunately, Hindî poets are not generally content with the simple rhythms and assonances inherent in the language itself, but seek to decorate the so-called poverty of its form by an over-abundance of facile alliterations —which sometimes degenerate into a cheap jingle of words. The more gifted poets, however, are judiciously restrained in the use of these **Śabdálamkáras**

—these cheap decorative devices, and depend on their effects on soft and subtle nuances and rhythms. For, after all, poetry has to be judged by the inherent quality of its thought,—by the richness of its thought-contents, than by the superficial grandeur of its form. Indeed, when the matter and the manner, the form and its contents coalesce in one indissoluble harmony,—when the feeling and the form of expression blend in one passionate blur, that a work of art is produced.

As has been suggested, Hindi poetry is so thoroughly absorbed in themes of Vaiṣṇava religious ideas and symbols, the sports of Kṛiṣṇa, and the love of Rādhā, that it is almost impossible to come across poems of a non-sectarian character, likely to be of universal appeal,—solely on the strength of their poetic ideas, or artistic imageries and forms. Love-poems in Hindi, of a non-sectarian character, are, therefore, not, always, very happy examples of the poetic art,—as most of the poems are dedicated to themes of religious emotion of a distinctly sectarian character. In the few poems of secular love we have an opportunity of gauging the true poetic quality of Hindi poetry, for in them we are able to distinguish how far the appeal of religious sentiment, (which generally governs them), encumbers the flights

of purely poetic thoughts, or enriches their power of expression. And it is only in a few secular poems —in which the religious appeal is eliminated,—in which poetry is released from the predilections of religious beliefs—that we are in a position to judge of the beauty and quality of their poetic art.

Some aspects of Hindî poetry are very closely related to a School of Indian Pictorial Art,—known as the **Pāhāḍî** or the 'Hill School', which flourished in the Punjab Himālayas in the districts now known as Kangra, Chamba, Basholi, and Jummu. Indeed, the miniature paintings of this school as pictorial commentaries on the Bhāgavata and the Purāṇas represent the plastic parallels to the Prākṛita Literature, and are heavily charged with **motifs** of Hindu religious faith. In fact Hindî poetry and its pictorial counterpart, echo and re-echo each other in their expression of a common stock of religious motifs and imageries. And most of the pictures of the Kangra School bear inscriptions in Hindî quoting the most popular **dohās** composed by poets of repute.

We need not, therefore, apologize for the fact that we have endeavoured to cover the poverty of our poetical selections by the adventitious aid of pictorial illustrations. For, in this particular instance, the poems and the pictures happen to be twin-

brothers descended from one and the same parental stock.

We propose, therefore, to place each poem in accompaniment with its pictorial parallel which may help to demonstrate how the picture and the poem explain each other, and are linked together in a happy unity.

For our first four examples,—we will take a dip into the love poems of Keśavadāsa—composed under the title of **Rasika-priyá**—"the favourite of those who understand the flavour of love." Keśavadās was the Court Poet of Bundelkund—during the reign of Prince Madhukar Shah. The poet came to the Moghul Court at Delhi in order to intercede on behalf of his patron to restore him to royal favour,—the relation between the Prince and the Moghul Court having been somewhat strained at the time. It appears that the poet through the intercession of Raja Bir Bal, himself a gifted poet, and a patron of Hindi Literature succeeded in obtaining the necessary amnesty for his patron. The work **Rasika-Priyá** is actually dated 1591 A. D. and is believed to have been composed on this occasion in order to procure the favour of Akbar, whose interest in Hindi literature is very well-known. The work in question is more a text-book on Erotics,

than an independant poem. According to the scheme of the treatise—each mood, or sentiment of Love is defined in the first instance,—and then applied and illustrated in a given situation,—sometimes very dramatically devised.

To cite one specimen, the poet first defines—what is technically known as 'Duḥ-sandhāna-rasa' [दुःसन्धानरस]—"the Flavour of Love which is hard to reconcile" :—

"एक होइ अनुकूल जहँ, दुजो है प्रतिकूल ।
केशब दुःसन्धान रस, शोभित तहाँ समूल ॥"

Eka hoyi anukūl jahan dūjo hai pratikūl ।
Keśava duḥ-sandhāna rasa śobhita tahān samūl ॥

Translation :

"Where the lover is in a gracious mood,—while the beloved is in a cross-mood,—there, says Keśava, the flavour of what is hard to reconcile is fully illustrated."

And the poet then proceeds to illustrate the idea in a very amusing dialogue in which Kṛiṣṇa intercepts a milk-maid on her way to the market and asks for a gift of a little curd from her pail which the *Gopî* refuses with charming sarcasm [Plate I]

दै दधि, दीनो उधारहो केशब ?
दान कहां अरु मोल् लै खै हैं ।

I. Duḥ-Sandhāna Rasa

दीनो बिना जुगई होगई, न गई न गई
घरही फिरि जै हैं ॥
गौहितु बैर कीयो, कवहो हितु वारु किये
वरनीकी ह्वैरै हैं ॥
बैरु कै गोरस वेचहूगी, अहो,
वेच्यौ न वेच्यौ तो ढारि न दै हैं ॥

Dai dadhi dîno udhāraho Keśava
dān kahān aru mol lai khai hain ।
Dîno vinā jugaî ho gaî na gaî na gaî
gharahî phiri jai hain ॥
Gau hitu vair kîyo kava ho hitu vāru kiye
varnîkî hai rai hain ।
Vairu kai goras veca hunṇgi, aho,
vecyo na vecyo to ḍhāri na dai hain ॥

Translation :

"Give me some curds, will you?"
"Shall I *give* you free, oh Keśava?"
"Where is the *gift,* if I pay for and drink it?"
"Am I going to let you go and sell,
Without giving me some?"
"If I am not allowed to go, then I do not go,
I go back home."
"Do you wish to quarrel for a little curd?"
"Since when are we friends?

If *you* quarrel, *I* do not care"

"Could you sell curds, if you
quarrel with me?"

"Oh! whether I sell or not, I do not give *you*
a drop, without pennies".

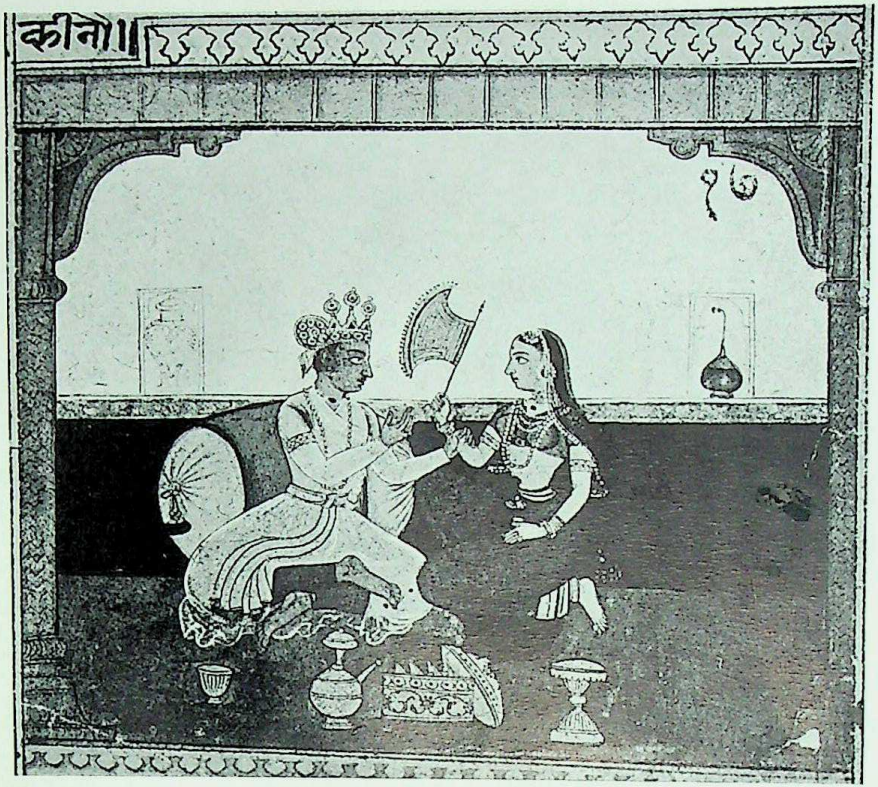
Our next example is the picture of a lover of the type known as **prauḍhā dhîrā : [प्रौढा धीरा]** she is a lover of some experience, yet she is restrained in her temper and courteous in her mood. Keśavdās has indicated her characteristics in the following words :

आदर मांझ अनादरे प्रकट करै हित दोइ ।
आकृति आप दुरावई प्रौढ़ा धीरा दोयी ॥

Ādara mājha anādare prakata karai hita hoi ॥
Ākrti āpa durābaî prauḍhā dhîrā doyî ॥

"When her cross mood, covered by pretended acts of courtesy and welcome reveals her lack of love in the midst of her poses of love—such is "**prauḍhā dhîrā.**"

The mood is illustrated in the picture of Rādhā giving a pretended welcome to Kṛisṇa with elaborate ceremonials to cover her real feeling—which for the moment, is one of the intense resentment. This picture ⟨Plate II⟩ is very skilfully drawn by Keśavadas in the following verses :—



II. Prouḍhā Dhīrā-Nāyikā

आवत देखि लये उठि आगेहि,
आपुहि केशव आसन दीनो,
आपुहि पांइ पखारि भले,
जलपानको भाजनु लाइ नवीनो।
विरी बनाइ कै आगे धरीसो,
जवै हरिको वरवीजन लीनो
बाँहगही हरि एसो कहेंओः—
"हँसिये तौ इतो अवराधन कीनो?"

Āvata dekhi laye uṭhi āgehun
āpahi Keśava āsana dîno।
Āpuhi pāyin pakhāri bhale
jalpānko bhājanu lāyi navîno॥
Viḍî vanāi kai āge dharî so
javai Hariko var vîjana līno।
Vāṅha gahî Hari eso kaheo haṅsiye tau
ito abarādhana kîno॥

Translation:

"Seeing Him come She steps forwards and welcomes
Kṛiṣṇa, and herself fetches a seat for Him,
Having with Her own hands washed His feet,
She fetches a new pot for His drink,
She makes up the betel-leaves for chewing,
and places them in front of Him,
And when She picks up the beautiful fan
to give Him a little breeze,

He caught Her by the arm and ardently asked
"Won't you smile? Oh! do smile, I pray,—
or, have I offended you?"

Our next example from the same poem is an illustration of the class of love-heroine, technically known under the name of **Vicitra Vibhrama praudhā** [**विचित्र विभ्रम प्रौढ़ा**],—an experienced lover—in extreme distress and consternation under the intensity of her love,—her beloved not having come to meet her. Keśavdās defines the characteristics of this type of lover in the following words :—

अति विचित्र विभ्रम सदा प्रौढ़ा प्रकट बखान ।
जाकी दीपति दूतिका पियहि मिलावै आन ॥

Ati vicitra vibhrama sadā
praudhā prakata vakhān ।
Jākī dîpati dūtikā piyahi
milāvai ān ॥

'An experienced lover,—who is in a wondrous mood of love-longing—the intensity of which moves her **confidente,** without being asked by her, to go and fetch her beloved and bring about a meeting?'

Then the poet proceeds to illustrate his definition —in a given situation. Here, her beloved has been brought to her, by her sympathetic friend, her **dūtikā**, and the poet proceeds to describe her im-

pression and joy at the sight of her lover—under the transfiguring illumination of her intense love-passion,—for, with her transfiguring eyes—in the delusion of her infatuation—Radha sees in Her beloved Nanda-Kumar,—with His bewitching glances,—the portrait of Cupid Himself,—a Cupid "who has forgotten the use of his arrows of flowers!" ⟨Plate III⟩

है गति मन्द मनोहर केशव
आनँद कन्द हिये उमहे हैं ।
भौंह विलासन कोमल हासनि
अंग सुवासनि गाढ़े गहे हैं ।
भौंह विलोकनि, कौ अवलोकि
सुमारु ह्यौ नन्द कुमारु रहे हैं ।
एकतौ कामके वाण कहावत
फुलनकी विधि भूल गहे हैं ॥

Hai gati manda manohara Keśava,
ānanda kanda hiye umahe haiṅ ।
Bhoṅha vilāsana komala hāsani,
añga suvāsani gāḍhe gahe haiṅ ।
Bhoṅha vilokani kau avaloki,
sumāru hai Nanda-kumāru rahe haiṅ ।
Ekatou kāmake vāṇa kahāvata,
phūlankî vidhi bhūla gahe haiṅ ॥

He caught Her by the arm and ardently asked
"Won't you smile? Oh! do smile, I pray,—
or, have I offended you?"

Our next example from the same poem is an illustration of the class of love-heroine, technically known under the name of **Vicitra Vibhrama prauḍhā** [**विचित्र विभ्रम प्रौढ़ा**],—an experienced lover—in extreme distress and consternation under the intensity of her love,—her beloved not having come to meet her. Keśavdās defines the characteristics of this type of lover in the following words :—

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जाकी दीपति दूतिका पियहि मिलावै आन ॥

Ati vicitra vibhrama sadā
prauḍhā prakata vakhān ।
Jākī dîpati dūtikā piyahi
milāvai ān ॥

'An experienced lover,—who is in a wondrous mood of love-longing—the intensity of which moves her **confidente,** without being asked by her, to go and fetch her beloved and bring about a meeting?'

Then the poet proceeds to illustrate his definition —in a given situation. Here, her beloved has been brought to her, by her sympathetic friend, her **dūtikā**, and the poet proceeds to describe her im-

pression and joy at the sight of her lover—under the transfiguring illumination of her intense love-passion,—for, with her transfiguring eyes—in the delusion of her infatuation—Rādhā sees in Her beloved Nanda-Kumār,—with His bewitching glances,—the portrait of Cupid Himself,—a Cupid "who has forgotten the use of his arrows of flowers:" (Plate III)

हैगति मन्द मनोहर केशव
आनँद कन्द हिये उमहे हैँ ।
भोँह विलासन कोमल हासनि
अंग सुवासनि गाढ़े गहे हैँ ।
भोँह विलोकनि, कौ अवलोकि
सुमारु ह्यौ नन्द कुमारु रहे हैँ ।
एकतौ कामके वाण कहावत
फुलनकी विधि भूल गहे हैँ ॥

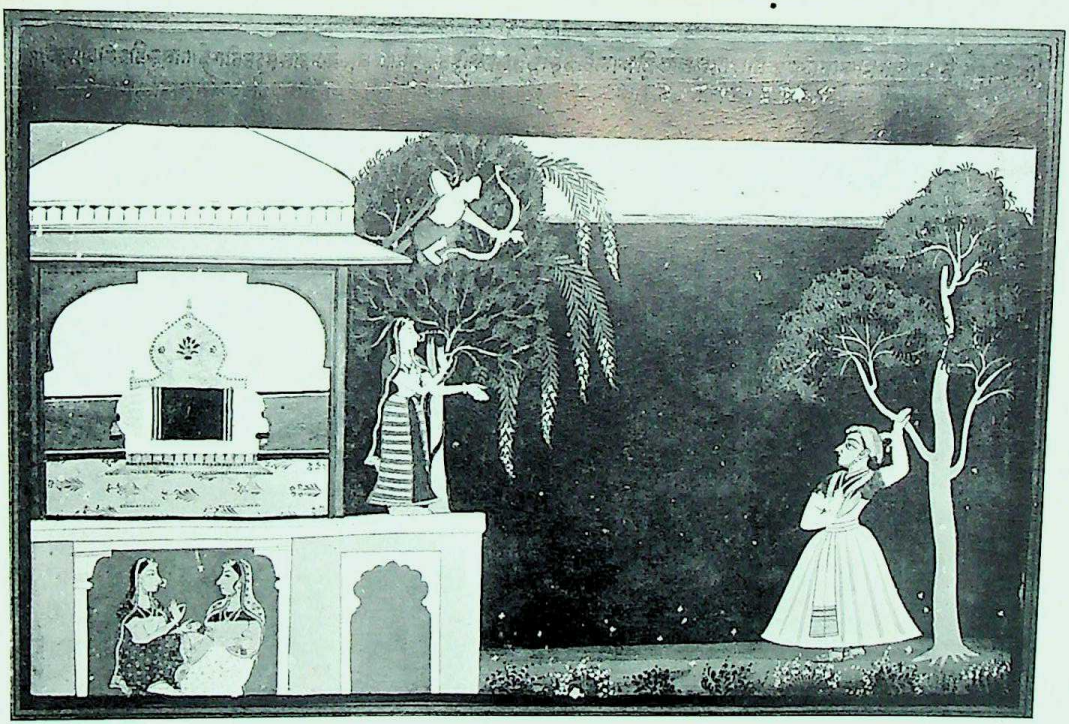
Hai gati manda manohara Keśava,
ānanda kanda hiye umahe haiñ ।
Bhoñha vilāsana komala hāsani,
añga suvāsani gāḍhe gahe haiñ ।
Bhoñha vilokani kau avaloki,
sumāru hai Nanda-kumāru rahe haiñ ।
Ekatou kāmake vāṇa kahāvata,
phūlankî vidhi bhūla gahe haiñ ॥

Translation :

"The gentle and graceful motions of His steps,
〈as He glides into view〉,
O ! Keśava, swell into raptures from the
inmost depths of Her heart ;
The dalliance of His eye=brows, the soft
sweetness of His smiles
And the fragrance of His body gather
and 'circle Her ;
The twitching of His eyebrows, rivalling
the bows of Cupid,
has given to Nanda=Kumār, the beauty of the
glorified God of Love ;
[He looks like Cupid Himself, but with some
reservation—and some difference],
For, He is a Cupid who has forgotten the use
of the modes and manners of His *flower=*
arrows."

In the poetic circumlocution—in which Kṛiṣṇa is described as a Super=Cupid—who has no use of flower=arrows, there is an obvious suggestion—that the love of Kṛiṣṇa—is a sublimated spiritual ecstacy—where there is no room for the sensual darts of Cupid's carnal passion.

Our next example is the exposition of a **Svayaṃ=dūta Nāyaka [स्वयं-दूत-नायक]** a type of



III. Vicitra Vibharama Prouḍhā Nāyikā

lover, who is his own messenger of love to his beloved. Unable to convey his message of love through a **dūtī** or messenger—when his message is too confidential or intimate to be conveyed through a third person, or when he is unable to secure the help of a sympathetic go-between,—the lover has to carry his own message himself as a Śvayaṃ-dūta (self-messenger). He is thus defined by Keśavadās :

जो क्यों हुँ न मिलै कहूँ केशव दोऊ ईठ ।
तौ तव अपने आपही, वुधिवल करत वसीठ ॥

Jo keyoṅ huṅ na milai kahuṅ, Keśava doū iṭh ।
Tau tava apane āpahī, vudhi-vala karata vasīṭh ॥

Translation :

'When a lover, with all efforts, cannot find
anybody to act as his go-between,
Then, he is forced to make his own wits
to be the messenger of his love.'

This is exemplified, here, in a dramatic situation—in which Kṛiṣṇa, as His own messenger, manages to convey his intimate message to Rādhā,—not actually talking to Her but talking at Her, through his companion Subol, who stands before Him. He explains that He is not personally responsible for the mischievous pranks that His cow-herd

play-mates indulge in,—to the great annoyance and displeasure of Rādhā. They do so on their own account, and falsely attribute the same to innocent Kṛiṣṇa. He continues, that He has abjured their company, and He does not play with them,—but He goes all alone, only with the monkeys as his companions, and plays by himself in a lonely spot —a quiet rendezvous where the presence of Rādhā will be quite welcome ⟨Plate IV⟩.

Now let us turn to the text of Keśava :—

आपनौ ई भाइकेये, सोहत सरीक सेवे,
केशोदास दास ज्यों चलत चित लीने हैं ।
आपही आटाउ कैयेलेत नाउं मेरो वेतौ,
वापुरे मिलापके सताप कर हीने हैं ॥
पियाके सुनायकै कहत ऐसी घनश्याम
सुवल्को लैलै नाम काम भय भीने हैं ।
साथ लै सखान अव जैवो वन छाँडो हम्
खेलवे को संग सखा शाखामृग कीने हैं ॥

Āpanouî bhāikeye sohata sarîka seve
Keśodās dās jeïo calata citta line haiï ।
Āpahî āṭāu kaiye leta nāu mero vetou,
vāpure milāpake satāpa kara hîne haiï ॥
Piyāke sunāykaî kahata esî Ghanaśyām,
Sovalko lailai nām kāmabhai bhîne haiï ।

IV. Svayaṃ Dūta Nāyaka

Sāth lai sakhān av jaivo van chāṅḍo haṃ,
Khelave ko saṅga sakhā śākhā-mṛga
kine haiṅ ॥

Translation :

"Those wicked cow-herd boys are a coterie
by themselves, nothing to do with me,"
Keśava-dās says—"they follow their own team,
and are absorbed in their own interest.
They themselves play their own pranks
and wickedly ascribe their own misdeeds
to me.—
Alas ! by a mean conspiracy they
have lowered themselves."

Struck by the arrows of Cupid, these words Kṛṣṇa said, meaning them for the ears of Rādhā but addressed to his companion Subol :

"I have left off going to the woods accompanied by my old friends,
For my companions I have substituted
sprightly but dumb monkeys to play with me."

The suggestion is, that if Rādhā will now come to this lonely **rendezvous**,—they will have long quiet hours of meeting without any fear of interruption from the wicked cow-herd urchins.

Where Hindi poetry is not wholly absorbed in sentiments of love, it delights to indulge in metrical

and rythmic cadences,—very well illustrated in its frankly descriptive verses. Thus the dance of Kṛṣṇ in the mystic dance known as the Rāsa is described by numerous Hindi poets. Of all, Sūra-dās perhaps brings most sincere ecstacy to bear on a realistic picturization of the dance of the Lord, by the skilful aid of onomatopoetic words ⟨Plate V⟩ :

निर्त्तत श्याम नाना रंग ।
मुकुट लटकनि भृकूटि मटकनि धरे नटवर अंग ।
चलति गतिकटि क्वणित किङ्किणि घुंघुरूफनकार
मनो हंस रसाल वाणी अरक्षापरश विहार ।
लसति करपहुँची उपाजय मुद्रिका अति ज्योति
भावसोँ भुज फिरत जबहीं तवहिं शोभा होति ।
कवहुँ निर्त्तत नारि गतिपर कवहुँ निर्त्तत आप
सूरके प्रभु रसिककी—मणि रच्यो रास—प्रताप ॥

Nirttata Śyāma nānā raṅga ।
Mukuṭa laṭakani bhrikuṭ matakani dhare
naṭavara aṅga ।
Calati gati kaṭi kvaṇita kinkiṇi ghun ghurū
jhanakār ॥
Mano haṃsa rasāla vāṇî araśa paraśa vihār ।
Lasati kara pahuṅcî upājay mudrikā ati
jyoti ॥
Bhāvasoṅ bhuja phirata javahîn tavahi śobhā
hoti ।

V. Rāsa-Nṛtya

VI. Rāsa-Nṛtya

Kavahuṅ nirttata nāri gati para, kavahuṅ nirttata āp
Sūrake prabhu rasikakî maṇi (v.r. cūḍa maṇi) racyeo rāsa=pratāp* ||

Translation :

Śyāma, the Black One, is dancing in all varieties of moods and steps ;
His crown sways, His eye=brows move and pose in all the arts of a clever dancer.
The motion of His waist makes the girdle sing and the anklets jingle,
One fancies one is listening to the sweet voice of a pair of geese, as they nestle in dalliance—
The bangles glitter and the rings shine and shoot their shining rays.
When with passion He moves His arms, with what grace the movements bless.
Now He dances with the gait of girls and now in manner of His own ;
The Lord of Sūr ⟨i. e. Sūrdās the poet⟩, is the Jewel of the Passionate,
and He builds His dance in the depths of ecstacy.' ⟨Plate VI⟩.

The initial act in the love=drama of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa is the First Meeting ⟨**prathama milana**⟩ in the village Vraja on the banks of the Yamunā.

The story is rendered with exquisite grace in a lyrical setting, which helps to a fitting apotheosis of Youth and Love. It is useless to parody in prose the simple yet passionate verses in which Sūrdās renders the devotee's homage to the significant prologue to the Divine Drama of Love ‹Plate VII›:

"औचकही देखि तहँ राधा नयन विशाल्
भाल दिये रोरि।
नीलवसन फरिया कटि पहिरे
वेणी पीठि रुरति झकझोरि।
संग लडकिनी चली इत आवति,
दिन थोरी अति छवि तन गोरि।
सूर श्याम देखतही रिझै नयननि मिलि
शिरपरी ठगोरि।
बूझत श्याम 'कौन तु गोरी? कहाँ रहति?
काकी है बेटी, देखी नहीं कहुँ ब्रज खोरी'।
"काहेंको हम् ब्रज तन आवति
खेलति रहति आपनी पोरी।
सुनति रहति श्रवणनि नन्द टोटा
करत रहत माखन दधि चोरी'।
'तुमरो कहा चोरि हम् लयहैं?
खेलन चलो संग मिलि जोरी'।
सूरदास प्रभु रसिक शिरोमणि
वातनि भुराइ राधिका भोरी।

VII. Prathama-Milana

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वातनि भुराइ राधिका भोरी।

VII. Prathama-Milana

Aucakahi dekhi tahaṅ Rādhā
nayana viśāl bhāla diye rorī ।
Nīlavasana phariyā kaṭi pahire
venī pithī rurati jhaka jhorī ।
Saṅga laḍakinī calī ita āvati,
dina thorī ati chavi tana gorī ।
Sūra Śyāma dekhatahī rijhai
nayanani milī śiraparī ṭhagorī ।
Vūjhata śyām : Kaun tu gorī ? Kākī hai
veṭī ? dekhī nahi kahuṅ Vraja khorī ।
Kāheko haṃ Vraja tana āvati,
khelati rahati āpanī porī ।
Śunati rahati śravaṇani Nanda-ṭoṭā
karata rahatā mākhana dadhi corī ।
Tumaro kahā cori haṃ laya haiṅ,
khelana calo saṅga milī jorī ।
Sūra-dāsa-prabhu rasika-śiromaṇi,
vātani bhurāi Rādhikā bhorī ॥

Translation :

All of a sudden Rādhā came to fix her gaze,—
Rādhā with her large eyes, and
forhead decked with saffron,
Her dress folded up on her chest,
And her braid dangling on her back

She came forward with her girl-friends
lagging behind—
The very shining picture of youthful body !
Sūra, the poet, saw Kṛṣṇa cast passionate
glances, and eyes mingled with eyes—
each drawn by the other.
Śyāma queried : "Who are you Fair One ?
Where do you live ? Whose daughter ?
Never seen you in the streets of
Vraja."
She answers : "Why should I come out here ?
I play at our own gateway.
My ears have heard of a son of Nanda
who always steals curds & butters"
Kṛṣṇa retorts :
"What ever have I stolen from **you** ?
Come, won't you join me in my play ?"
Sūrdās interjects :
"'My Lord is the Jewel of all Lovers !
By his wily words, He beguiled the
silly Rādhikā".

The next act in the love-drama is offered by the conception of the **Navoḍhā**, or **Navala-vālā** [**नवोढ़ा, नवल-वाला**] illustrated in the next picture. The newly-wed bride with her timidity and charm

has offered a fascinating theme for the brush of a Pāhāḍī painter (Plate VIII). She is being led accross a star-lit pavilion to the chamber of her lover—by the dūtikā (confidente) while a sleepy servant waits at the door with a torch and a scent-spray. A **navoḍhā** is very picturesquly defined in the following verse, —which is quoted from Motirām's Rasa-rāj :—

अति डरते अति लजते, रति न चहे पति संग ।
ताहि नवोढ़ा कहतहै, यो प्रवीण रस रंग ॥

Ati darate ati lajate, rati na cahe pati saṅg ।
Tāhi navoḍhā kahata hai, Yo pravīṇa rasa raṅg ॥

Translation :

'Too much timid and too much shy
She is ever averse to meet her lord ;
She is called a **Navoḍhā** or newly-wed, by those
learned and experienced in the lore of love.'

The following verse which we owe to Kavi Deo—is much more appropriate to the suggestions in the pictorial illustration :

दूरि धरोदीपक् फिलि मिलात् फीनो तेज्
सेज्के समीप् छहरान्योयो तम तोमसो ।
दूलहै दुराइ आली केलिके महल गई
पेलिके पटाई वधू सरदके सोमसो ॥

Dūri dharo dîpak jhili milāt jhîno tej
Sejke samîp caharāṇeyo tama tomaso ।
Dulahi durāi āl'i kelike mahala kai
Pelike patai vadhū saradake somaso ॥

Translation :

'The lamp is moved away with its weak and flickering flame,
Deep darkness hovers round the bed room
The confidente who has laid the lover in concealment in the Chamber of Love,
Shoves in the shy and unwilling damsel fair as the autumn moon.'

If we turn to the picture ⟨VIII⟩, we find the artist has indeed given to the 'newly-wed' the captivating face of 'the autumn moon'. **⟨saradake somaso⟩.** The senior lady who gently leads the young damsel—caressing her with an affectionate embrace round her shoulders—is perhaps her sister,—there is such an obvious family resemblance in the two faces which seem to vie with one another—in their shy yet shining beauty—the radiance of which is set forth and emphasized by the contrast of the long shadows behind their heads. The picture is indeed a masterpiece of lyrical tenderness in a very picturesque and dramatic situation.

XI. Khaṇḍitā Nāyikā

Ihi vîcahîṁ vān kamān gahe karatān
uṭheo ari saṁbarko ।
Jav Jāneo vacāvana kehuṁ sakhi tav
dhyāna dhareo hiya me Harako" ॥
Sundara-vilās ।

Translation :

'She came out all dressed, to meet her lover
at the trysting place, leaving her own room
empty.
Says Sundara, she looked for him in and out,
but not a trace of Kanar ⟨i.e. of Kṛṣṇa⟩
could be had.
Meanwhile, Cupid, the enemy of Śiva, has put
arrows to his bows,
And oh ! comrade ! when she knew she had
none to save her, she could only sing at
her heart a hymn for Hara.'

The Hindi poets, following the footsteps of their old predecessors in Sanskrit poetry,—love to depict in dramatic situations—the picture of Jealous Petulance—the Khaṇḍitā—Nāyikā [खण्डिता नायिका]—the insulted lover—whose love has been crossed and dishonoured by her faithless beloved in a dalliance with another lady.

In this picture, ⟨Plates XI, XII⟩ Kṛṣṇa reclining in his bed—is unable—by repeated tugs at her Śāḍi ⟨robe⟩ to bring Rādhā—to any mood of gracious dalliance. She stands obstinately erect, waving her fan—and refusing to bend, or relent to a graceful mood.

As we find from the text,— she is in a very cross mood,—impervious to all blandishments of Kṛṣṇa,—having discovered on the body of her beloved —the marks of the plaited hair of another lady,—a sure sign of a faithless attachment to another rival :

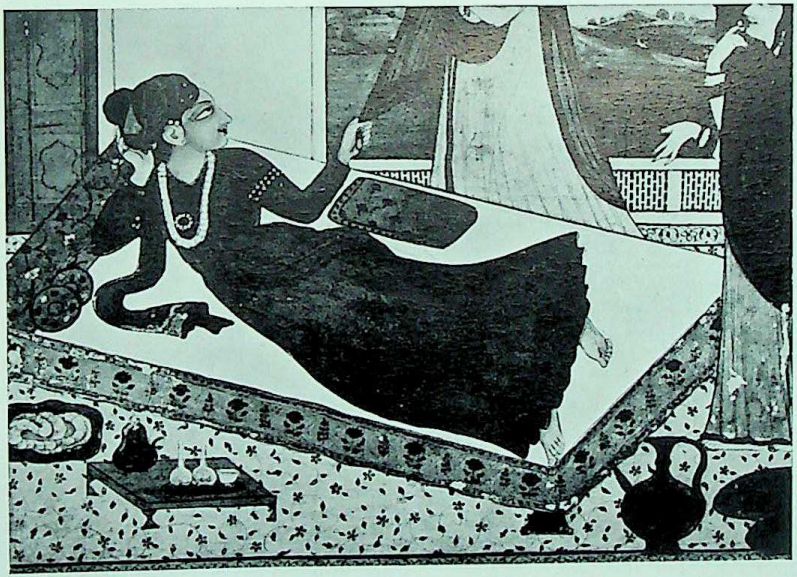
विलखी लखै खडी खडी भरी अनख वैराग् ।
मृगनैनी सैनान भजै लाखि वैनीके दाग ॥

Vilakhî lakhai khaḍî khaḍî bharî anakha vairāg ।
Mṛga-nainî sainâna bhajai lākhi vainîke dāg ॥

Translation :

'Full of wrath and resentment
She stands shaking with agitation
The Fawn-eyed one, in anger, turns her gaze away
from the wretched marks of the plaited hair.'

In the enlarged detail ⟨Plate XIII⟩ of the figure of Rādhā, we can study the fine expression which the artist has skilfully put on the face and the attitude of the irate lady. She takes her face away in sheer disgust, covering it up with a graceful sway of her hand,—a gesture which adds so much to the beauty of the fine curves of her head,—shining in



XII. Khaṇḍitā Nāyikā
(Detail)

XIII. Khaṇḍitā Nāyikā
(Detail)

rage, and ever more captivating in its gracious charm,—though the feeling expressed is the reverse of grace, or tenderness. The hanging branches of the plantain leaves seem to nodd in sympathetic gesture, echoing and justifying her mood of resentment. The words of the poet have been very graphically and accurately translated in a happy yet significant pictorial vision. In such themes—the visions of the poet and the painter very happily echo and re-echo each other,—in a very powerful manner of realizing and interpreting the depth and spirituality of identical subject matters. The picture is as much a graphic commentary on the verse, as the verse is a verbal commentary on the picture.

We have another version of a **khaṇḍitā nāyikā** —(खण्डिता-नायिका) which answers more accurately to the definition given by Keśavadās :—

दोहा॥ आवन कहि आवै नहीं, आवै प्रीतम प्रात ।
ताके घरसो खंण्डिता, कहै सुवहु विधि बात ॥
रसिक-प्रिया ।

Dohā ॥ *Āvana kahi āvai nahîṁ, āvai*
prîtama prāt ।
Tāke gharaso kandítā, kahai suvahu
vidhi vāt ॥ *16* ॥
Rasika-priyā ।

Translation :

'She is called the **Khaṇḍitā**, or offended lady,—who when her lover, having promised to come ⟨at night⟩, comes not, but comes in the morning—and on whom she pours many and diverse words ⟨of abuse⟩.'

In the picture drawn in the illustrative verses, of Keśavdas, we find Kṛṣṇa, having stayed away overnight, arriving in the morning and met by irate Rādhā,—ready to drown him with her flood of abuses ⟨Plate XIV⟩:—

कवित्त ॥ आंखिनजो सूझत न कानन तैं सुनियत
केशौदास जैसे तुम लोकनमें गाये हौ ॥

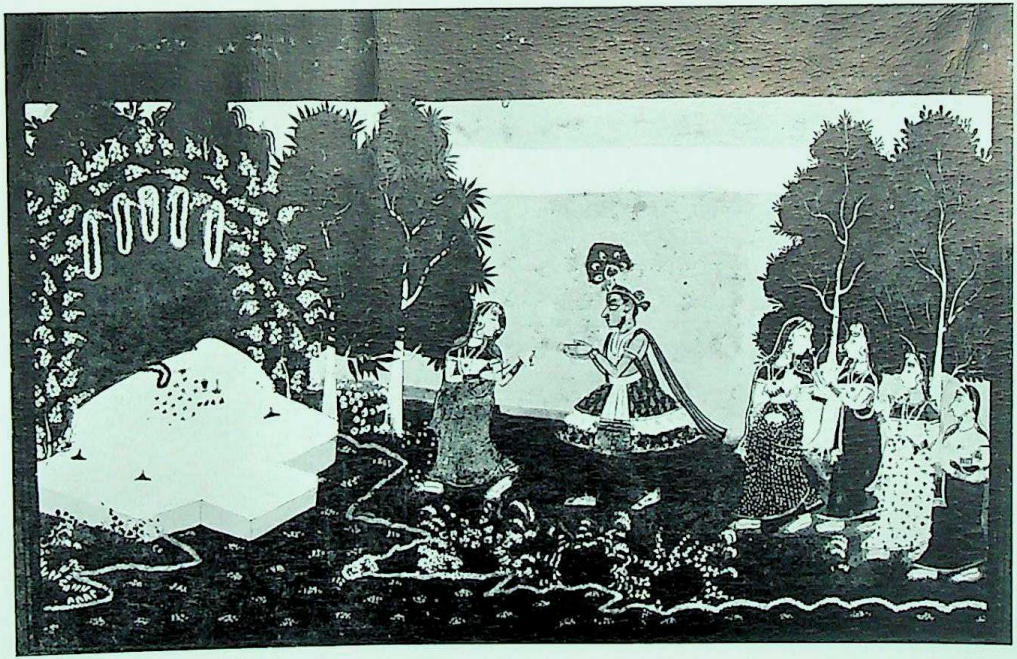
Kavitta ॥ Aṅkhina jo sūjhata na kānana
taiiṅ suniyata
Keśaudās jaise tum lokana main gāye hau ।

Translation :

'Not by eyes it is seen, nor by ears heard, says Keśavadās, how thou art reported amongst the People.'

वंशकी विसारी सुधि काक ज्यों चुनत फिरै
झुठे सीठे सीथ शठई ठठी ठाये हौ ॥

Vaṁśakī visārī sudhi kāka jauṅ cunata phirai ।
Jhūṭhe sīṭhe sītha śaṭhaī ṭhaṭī ṭhaṭhāye hau ॥



XIV. Khaṇḍitā Nayikā

Translation :

'Forgetting ⟨the status of⟩ the family, like a crow, thou dost wander about picking at cast-away grains of worthless rice,—like a good for nothing fellow, thirsting for trouble.'

दूरि दूरि करत हूँ दौरि दौरि गहो पाँइ ।
जानो ना कुठौर ठौर जानि जिय पाये हौ ॥

Dūri dūri karata hūṅ dauri dauri gaho pāṅi
Jāno nā kuṭhaur ṭhaura jani jiya pāye hau ।

Translation :

'Though I keep on driving thee off thou dost keep on running to touch my feet and thou dost not know that thy life is being wasted in evil company'

काकोघर घालिबे को बसे कहाँ घनश्याम
घूघूकी घुसन प्रात मेरे गृह आये हौ ॥

Kāko ghara ghālive ko vase kahāṅ Ghana-
śyām
Ghūghū kī ghusana prāta mere gṛha
āye hau ॥

Translation :

'Ah ! Ghanaśyām ! in what and whose homes hast thou sat like an owl to their ruin, that thou dost come creeping into my house in the morning ?'

सवैया ॥ आजु कछू आँखियाँ हरि औरसी
मानो महाव्वर माहँ रंगी हैं ।
मेरीसौं मोसहुँ मानहुं वेगि हिये
रस रोषकी रीति जगी हैं ॥

Savaiyā ॥ *Āju kachū aṅkhiyāṅ hari aursî*
māno mahāvar māṅha raṅgî haiṅ ।
Merî sauṅ mosahu mānahuṅ vegi
hiye rasa roṣakî rîti jagî haiṅ ॥

'Somehow, O Hari ! thine eyes to-day are deep-deyed, it seems, with lac,

By my life, I think they have lain awake in heart-piercing love, or in anger !'

मोहन मोही सी लागति मोहिँ इते पर मोहन मोहिं लगी हैं ।
Mohana mohî sî lāgati mohiṅ ite par mohana
mohiṅ lagî haiṅ ।

O ! Charmer ! those red eyes are casting a spell on me, And even now they beguile me

मेरे वियोग के तेजत चीकिधौं
केशव काहूँ के प्रेम पगी हैं ॥ ७८
Mere viyoga ke tejata cîkidhaṅ
keśava kahūṅ ke prema pagî haiṇ ॥

Translation :

'Do those red eyes burn because of separation from me O Keśava ! Or are they crimson with efforts in following the love of some other Beauty ?'

In our picture ⟨Plate XIV⟩, if Rādhā is not as peevish—as painted in the verses quoted above, she is cross enough, in her looks and gesticulating hands—keeping time with her sharp tongue,—as Kṛṣṇa stands crest-fallen hardly able to face her angry gaze.

Yet another type of lover is pictured in Rādhā's quarrel with Kṛṣṇa. It is the **Abhisandhitā** [अभिसंधिता] or Kalahāntaritā nāyikā,—[कलहांतरिता नायिका], a lover separated by a quarrel from her beloved. Keśavadās in his 'Rasika-priyā' has given her a picturesque definition :

दोहा ॥ मान मनावत हू करै, मानदको अपमान ।
दूनो दुख ता विन लहै, अभिसंधिता वखान ॥ ७३

Dohā ॥ *Mān manāvata hū karai, mānadako apamān* ।
Dūno dukh tā vina lahai, abhisan-dhitā vakhān ॥

Translation :

'She is called **abhisandhitā** ⟨separated lover⟩ who insults, or repulses her beloved, ⟨to whom, by the way, she owes all her honour⟩, at the moment he seeks to soften her pride,—and she suffers double sorrow, when he is no longer with her.'

The situation is very happily expressed in a couple of couplets composed by a poet named Chiranjiva,— originally a cobbler by profession ⟨Plate XV⟩:—

आये लला कहुँ तें गृहमें, जिन्के मैं उमंगमें मान दिखायो
रूठि कै ठाढ़े भये इतने पै तउ न उन्हें कर थांम्भि विठायो।
काह कहुँ अप्नी मतिको चिरंजीविजु प्रीतमको न मनायो।
लाजके काय अरी सजनी, आप्ने अनुरागमे दाग लगायो॥

लछमीश्वर–विलास।

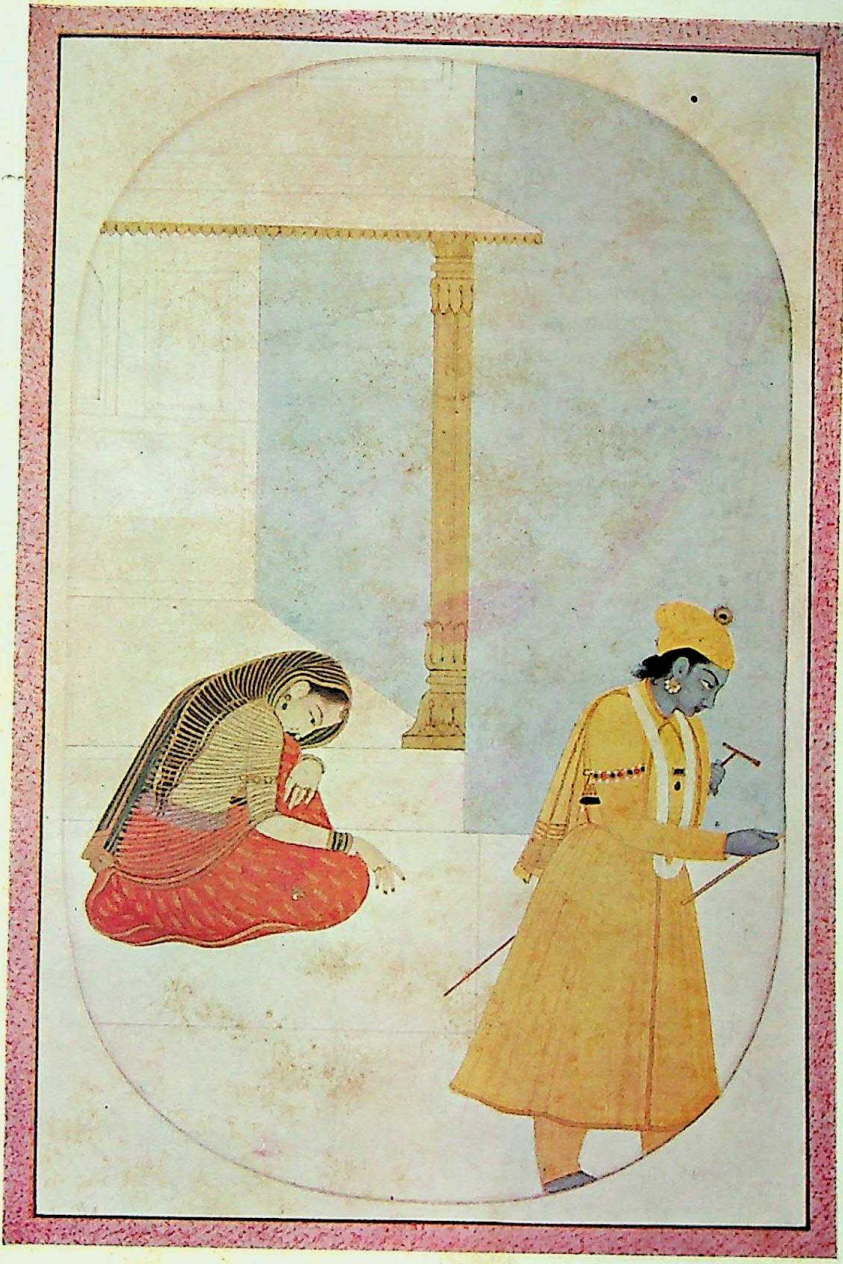
Āye lālā kahuṅ teṅ gṛhamen jinke maiṅ
umaṅgamen mān dikhāyo।
Rūṭhikai ṭhāḍe bhaye itane pai tau na
unheṅ kara thāṃbhi viṭhāyo।
Kāha kahuṅ apanî matiko ciraṅjîviju
prîtamko na manāyo।
Lājke kāj arî sajanî, āpane anurāgmeṅ
dāg lagāyo॥

Translation :

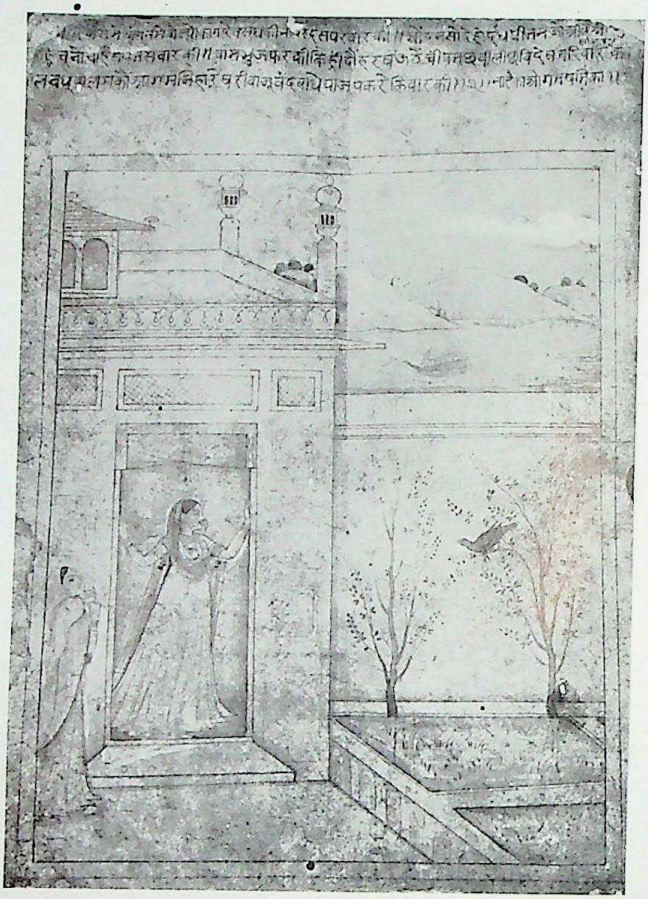
'When Lālā ⟨Kṛṣṇa⟩ came to my room from on of his love-haunts, I greeted him with a pretty hot temper,

And this made him stand up in anger, but alas! I did not stretch my hands to make him sit.

Oh! Chiranjiva! how shall I curse my foolish thought, I refrained from appeasing my beloved,



XV : Kalahāntaritā



XVI. Virahiṇī Nāyikā
(Drawing)

VIII. Navodhā Nāyikā

Oh ! my comrade ! out of vanity and temerity,
I have tarnished the purity of my passion.'

In old Indian love-poetry to the **Virahini nāyikā**, separated from her beloved during his absence abroad—the happy news of his expected return is indicated by various modes of auspicious protents and divinations known as **Śakuna**, one of which is the throbbing of the left arm and the significant gestures of the crow.

In the drawings reproduced in plates XVI-XVII we find a 'separated heroine'—standing with her arms on the door-sill anxiously interrogating the crow, perched on the pavilion in front,—and trying to interpret from the movements of the crow,—if her beloved is really coming back :

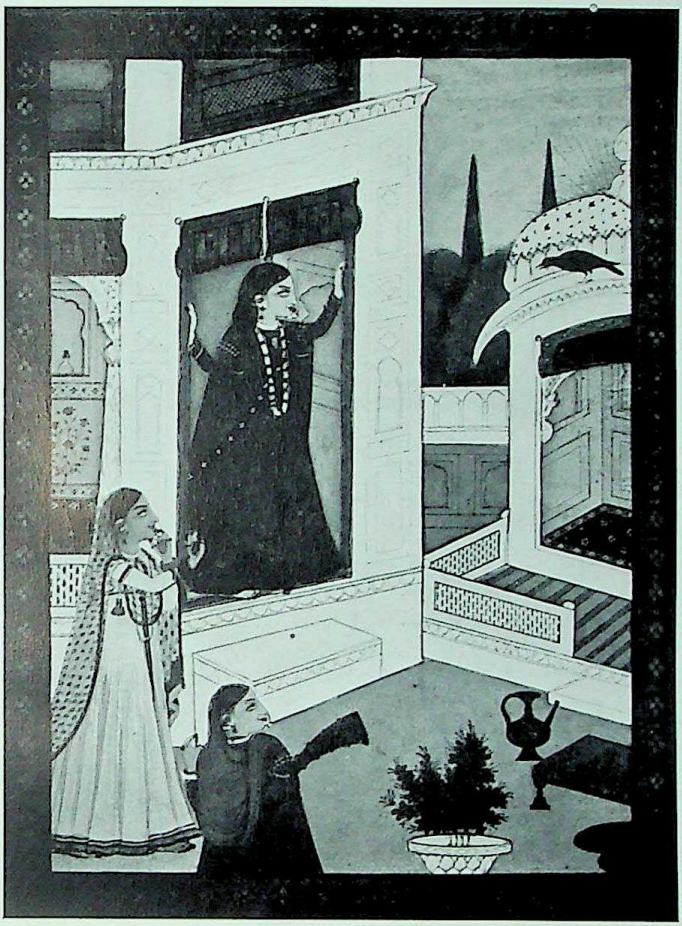
कवहुँ के प्रात समे अंगनमे वोले ओ काग्
देखि सुधिकीनि परदेश परिवारकी ।
ओदोन सौँ दैहोँ दधि प्रीतम जो आवै आज
ओडि जाहु चुने ओ चाहैँ सम्पति सवारकी ।
वामभुज फरकिकै हिरदो हरखि उठै
चित्र छवीली छवि देखति दिवारकी ।
वाल वधु वालमको आगम निहारे खडि,
वाजु-वन्ध वाँधे वाजु पकडे किवारकी ॥

Kavahuṅ ke prāta same aṅgana me voleo kāg
Dekhi sudhikīni par deś parivārakī।

Odona souṅ daihoṅ dadhi prītama jo āvai āj
Oḍi jāhṁ cuneo cāhaiṅ sampati savārakî ।
Vāma bhuja pharakikai hirado harakhi uṭhai
Citra chavîlî chavi dekhati divārakî ।
Vāla vadhū vālamako āgama nihāre khaḍi
Vāju=vandha vāndhe vāju pakaḍe kivārakî ॥

Translation :

'When early in the morning—her little court=yard was full of the voice of the crow,
Her heart was full of memories of her distant lord ;
And she says to the crow : "I promise you a feast of rice and curd, if my beloved returns today ;—
If he is indeed coming today,—Fly away now !
I will give you the choice of all the treasures that my Knight brings back on his horse.'
When her left arm throbbed ⟨ displacing her armlet ⟩ it gave her heart a thrill of joy.
And the young damsel stood on the tiptoe of expectation of the return of her beloved,
Still as a painted picture,—framed by the door=sill.
She adjusted her armlet, displaced by the auspicious throb,
As the young damsel stood awaiting her beloved,



XVII. Virahiṇî Nāyikā

XVIII. Virahiṇī Nāyikā
(Detail)

With her hands clasping the frames of the door,
in keen and anxious expectation'.

In the enlarged detail ⟨Plate XVIII⟩—we do indeed realise the justification of the poet's fancy. The lady—*does* indeed look like a painted picture—framed as it were by the door-sill.

Yet another type of lover is given by Sundara, the poet-laureate of Shāh Jahān,—in his picture of an **Agata-patikā** heroine [आगत-पतिका नायिका] one whose lord and lover has returned home from his adventures. She runs out to give him welcome by a passionate embrace. The heroine is of the class known as the *proudhā*, 'experienced in love,' and, hardly embarrased by any modesty ⟨Plate XIX⟩:

सवैया ॥ परदेशते सुन्दर प्रीतम आये हुलास
विलास वढ़े सिगरे ।
उर कण्ठ लगायि लई ललना गहि गाढ़े
आनंदसो अंक भरे ॥
तरकी छतनी दरकी अंगिया मनिमालनतै
महि लाल गिरे ।
जनु पीके मिलै तियके हियके अंगरा
विरहागिनिके निकरे ॥
प्रीतम-मिलन, सुंदर-शृंगार ।

Savaiyā ॥ *Pardeśate sundara prītama āye*
hulāsa vilāsa vadhe sigare ।

Ura Kaṇṭha lagāyi layi lalanā gahi
gāḍhe ānandso aṅka bhare ॥
Taraki sutanî daraki aṅgîyā mani
*mālana tai mahi lāla gire**
Janu pike milai tiyake hiyake
aṇgarā virahāginike nikare ॥
Prîtama=milana, Sundara=śṛṅgāra.

Translation :

'The lovely lover is back from far=off=lands, and the news have fetched its rain of smiles.

By her neck and bosoms, her deep long embrace spells her passionate joy.

Her dress=strings loosen and her bodice is stret=ched and strained.

The strings of her red rubies like sparks of fire drop on the floor,

For, the close=knit ⟨pressure⟩ of two beloved hearts squeezes the fire out of the agony of separation.' ⟨Plate XX⟩

The types of Lovers, are sometimes used for symbolical personification of the Indian musical modes, or *Rāgiṇîs*,—each melody being interpreted as the personification of a sentiment of passion in

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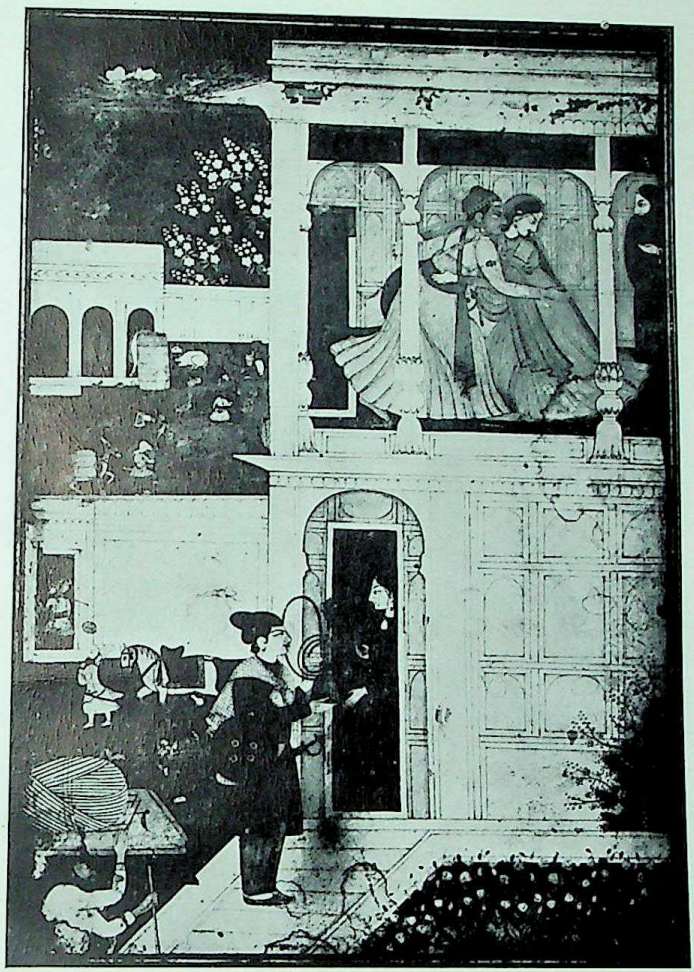
* The Benares Edition gives a variant reading :—
"Mani mālana te ṭuṭi lāla pare."



XIX. Āgata Patikā Nāyikā

XX. Āgata-Patikā Nāyikā
(Detail)

XXI Kakubhā Rāgiṇi.

a particular situation. Thus, the **Kakubhā rāginî** is personified in the sentiment of a lady in extreme sorrow and desolation,—having been enticed away from her home and brought into a lonely wood-land where her lover deserts her. The signs of dishevelled hair and her torn garland indicate the stage after the meeting with her lover. Being deserted, she is also a *Virahinî*—a 'separated heroine,' the pangs of whose heart are aggravated by the songs of the cuckoo which is supposed, in the convention of old Indian love-poetry, to stimulate love-longings (Plate XXI):—

विथुरी अलकैं अँखियाँ ललकैं
दुति जोवनकी झलकैं तनमैं ।
पटकेसरिया उभरी छतियाँ
दरकी अंगिया परिरम्भन मैं
सब रैन जगी पल नाहिं लगी
छलसो करि मीत ठगी वनमैं ।
पिकवोल सुनै दुख पावति है
कुकुभा तिय रोवति कुञ्जनमैं
काव्य-प्रभाकर, द्वितीय मयूख, ९ ॥

Viṭhurî alakaiṅ aṅkhiyāṅ lalakaiṅ
duti jovankî jhalakaiṅ tanmaiṅ ।
Paṭa keśariyā ubharî chatiyāṅ
darakî aṅgiyā pariraṃbhana maiṅ ॥

Sava raina jagi pala nāhi lagî
chalasoṅ kari mît ṭhagî vana maiṅ ।
Pika vola sune dukha pāvati hai
Kukubhā tiya rovati kunjana maiṅ ॥
Kāvya=prabhākar, dvitîya mayūkh 5.

Translation :

'Her hairs dishevelled, her eyes cast anxious glance around ;
While the flame of Youth flashed in her shining frame.
Her robe of yellow colour ill-covered her bosoms, for, her bodice is torn by embraces.
She is awake all night, not having a wink of sleep ; her friend, by wiles, has enticed her into the woods ;
The voice of the cuckoo upsets Lady Kukubhā as she weeps alone in the bower.'

The plucking of flowers for the worship of Kṛiṣṇa offers an attractive theme for many poets. To some poets of ardent devotion to the God—this plucking of flowers by the *gopinîs*—the types of the devotees, is invested with a lot of mystical feeling. To be used for decorating, or perfuming the bed of Kṛiṣṇa, the simple act of gathering flowers attains, in the eyes of these devotees, the solemnity of a

XXII. Puşpa-Cayana

ritual. Raghunāth, author of "Rasikamohan"—(a collection of love poems), draws a remarkable picture of the theme and puts the episode into the mouth of a Gopi—a companion of Rādhā who tempts Kṛṣṇa to come and a pay a surprise visit and see her as she plucks her flower (Plate XXII) :—

आयि है साँझिको तोड़न फूल
तोड़ाओति ठारि सखि छवि राजते ।
वेगि उठय चलि देखो वलाइ लेँओ
हे रघुनाथ लागेओ मनजासते ।
भौँरण कि लगि भीड़ रही
अरु भीड़ चकोरणकी जेहि आसते ।
भीतर वाग् के शोभित होति है
मालती वासते पियारी प्रकाशते ॥

Āyi hai sāṅjhiko toḍana phūl
toḍāvati ṭhāri sakhi chavi rājate ।
Vegi uṭhai cali dekho valāi leṅo
he Ragunāth lāgeo manajāsate ।
Bhouṅraṇ ki lagi bhîḍ rahî
aru bhîḍ cakoraṇki jehi āsate ।
Bhîtar bāgke śobhita hoti hai
mālatî vāsate piyārî prakāśate ॥

Translation :

'She has come to pluck her evening flowers, she gets her chum to lend her help, and what a happy picture they make !

O! Lachirām! this jar with its fill of water—
is lying too heavy for me to lift,
O! My Lover dear, I beseech you,
Do like a good friend, help me with my pail.'

〈Plate XXIII-a〉

In the poetic convention of old Indian love-lore, the enjoyment of love has its own appropriate form for every season very well indicated in Kālidāsa's 'Ritu-Saṃhāra'—the Descriptions of the Seasons. The lyrics of the Hindī poets furnish their vernacular parallels to the old classical models. Emblematic descriptions of the twelve months of the year have been the subject of a Hindī poem by the famous Keśavadāsa, under the title of 'Vāra-māsiyā' [वार-मासिया],—or 'the Twelve Months.' The months are successively described in terms of enjoyment of lovers in union in the mood known as Saṃyoga-sṛñgāra [संयोग-शृंगार], according to the atmosphere and appropriate surroundings and associations for each month.

In a couple of dohās, Padumākar, a poet of the early 19th century, very vividly describes a couple of lovers tipsy with wine,—under the title of "Sita-Vihāra" [शीत-विहार], or "Winter-enjoyment"

〈Plate XXIV〉 :—

XXIII-a. Dān-Lîlā

XXIV. Śîta-Vihāra

पुष निशामे सुवारुणी लै वनि
वैठे दुहुँ मदके मातवाले ।
तेँओ पदुमाकर झुमे झुकै घन
घूमि रचै रस रंग रसाले ॥
शीतको जीति अभीत भै
सुगनैन सखि कछु शाल दुशाले ।
छाक छका छविहीको पिये
मद् नयनन् के किये प्रेमके पियाले ॥

पदुमाकर, "जगत्-विनोद" ।

Puṣa niśāme suvāruṇî lai vani
Vaithe duhuṅ madake mātavāle ।
Teṅo Padumākara jhume jhukai ghana
Ghūmi racai rasa raṅga rasāle ॥
Śîtako jîti abhîta vai
Suganaina sakhi kachu śala duśāle ।
Chāka chakā chavi hî ko piye
Mad naynanke kiye premke piyāle ॥

Padumākar : "Jagad-Vinod" ।

Translation :

'In a December night they drank to each other cups of **vāruṇî** wine and are seated quite tipsy.

And says Padumākar: now they swing and droop in deep slumber, and now indulge in delicious dalliance,

And once having conquered cold, they are not afraid,

And Oh! friend, they no more care for shawls, or wrappers,

They drank to fill, the wine of each other's beauty by making the eyes of each, their cups of love.' (Plate XXV).

While the 'Śita-Vihāra'—'the Enjoyment in Winter' is very often interpreted as in this picture, in a description of secular love,—'Varsā Vihāra'—[वर्षा-विहार],—'the Enjoyment in Rain' is invariably explained in terms of the love of Rādhā and Kṛiṣṇa.

The advent of the Clouds and the Rains with their accompaniments of thunder and lightning in the month of Āṣāḍh (June and July), call up in the passionate hearts of lovers, (typified by Rādhā and Kṛiṣṇa) new delights in the enjoyment of natural scenes which find renewed echoes in the new ecstasies of their love which the rainy month brings to them.

A Hindi poet has, in a few lines of terse and compact verses, skilfully described the month of Āṣāḍh and what it connotes to loving hearts and has happily visualised the reactions of the rains on all and sundry in the human as well as in the animal world.

XXV. Sîta-Vihāra
(Detail)

XXVI Varṣā-Ṛtu-Varṇan

घन दरसावनहै विज्जु तरसावन है
चहुँ ओर धावन है बैहर सगाढ़को।
मानिनी भयावनहै मोर हरषावन है
दादुर वुलावन है अति आढ़ आढ़की॥
श्रीपति सुहावन है झिल्ली झनकावन है
विरही सतावन है चिन्ता चित बाढ़की।
लगन लगावन है मदन जगावन है
चातकीको गावन है आवन असाढ़की॥

काव्य-प्रभाकर, चतुर्थ भयूख।

Ghana darasāvana hai, vijju tarasāvana hain,
Cahuṅ ora dhāvan hai, vaihara sa=gāḍha=kî।
Māninî bhayāvana hai, mora harṣāvana hai,
Dādura vulāvana hai, ati āḍha āḍha āḍhakî।
Śrî=pati suhāvana hai, jhillî jhankāvana hai
Virahî satāvana hai, cintā cita vāḍhakî।
Lagana lagāvana hai, madan jagāvana hai,
Cātakîko gāvana hai, āvana Asāḍhakî॥

Kāvya=Prabhākar, caturtha mayūkh।

Translation :

'The clouds come into view, while the lightening flashes in terms of terror.
And while the storm with heavy but quick steps, strides on the four quarters.
The petulant lover is full of fear,

While the peackock is in raptures,
And the frog calls out repeatedly in a voice loud and hoarse.
The Lord of the Goddess of Fortune ⟨Kṛṣṇa⟩ is resplendent in His beauty, while the beetle is happy to make a shrill music,
The lover away from his beloved is feverish in her agony, as her thoughts swell in agitation in her hearts,
The auspicious moment has been struck for Cupid to wake up in activity,
The advent of Āṣāḍha means, indeed, the song of the pea=fowl.'

More words have been needed to paraphrase the sense of the terse Hindî text—the phrases of which are pregnant with many significant suggestions which are indicated rather than actually expressed. Thus, it is suggested that the rainy month makes the **mānini**, the petulant lover, nervous with fear, for, in the rains there is very little chance of his lover coming to assuage her petulance, and she shall have to pass her nights in empty isolation. For the poet, dedicated to the worship of Kṛṣṇa ⟨Śrî=pati⟩, the clouds offer a new back=ground on which to project the glittering image of his heart—in shinning lines of the lightning, and for the worship of the image, the

soft jingling voice of the beetle offers happy accompaniment for this new hymn of the rains.

The rains and clouds, which offer barriers to lovers' meetings, provide a rich *motif* to the picture of a class of lover of the Abhisārikā type, who braves the dark and rainy night to meet her beloved at the rendezvous. Kṛiṣṇa bursts into a gesture of happy surprise and admiration,—as He finds Rādhā at the door of His Chamber of Love ⟨Kelî-griha⟩ approaching through the dark rainy night. He seems to say 'I have not ventured to send for you in this dismal night. You have come of your own accord and braved the elements for honouring my love. By this gracious piece of unasked love you have bought me out'. To this Rādhā replied with poetic logic, 'I have not come unasked, Oh Ghanaśyām, the black clouds, imitating your complexion and visage, have called out in sweet rumbling voice, and I have responded to that invitation—which you had sent out through the clouds.' Plate: ⟨XXVII⟩.

लीनै हमैं मोल अन बोलाईं आई जान्येओ मोह
मोहि घनश्याम घनमाला बोलि लियाई है ।
देखो ह्वौ है दुख जहाँ देहउ न देखी परै,
देखो कैसे बाट केशो दामिनि दिखाई है ॥

उचे नीचे वीच कीच कण्टक न पीड़े पग,
साहस गयन्दगति अतिसुख दाई है ॥
भारी भयकारी निशि निपट अकेली तुम,
नाहिँ प्राणनाथ साथ प्रेम जो सहाई है ॥॥

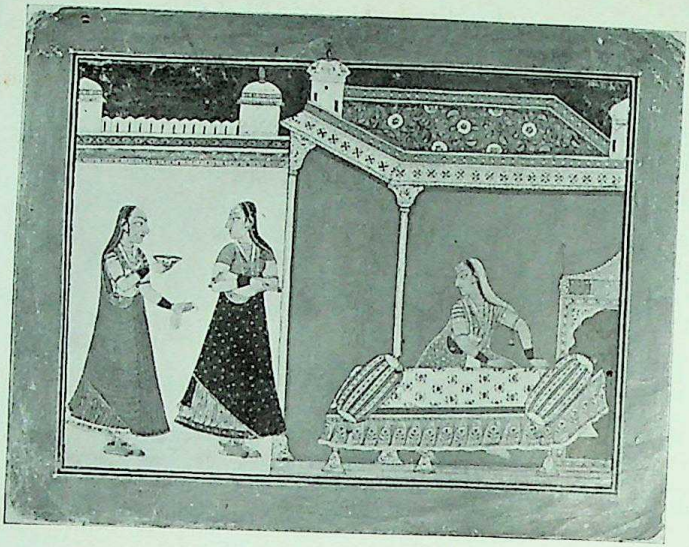
Text :

Linai hamaiñ mola ana=bulāiñ āyî jānyo moha
Mohi Ghanaśyām ghana mālā boli liyāî hai।
Dekho hvai hai dukha jahāñ deha u na
dekhi parāî,
Dekho kaise bāṭa keśo dāminî dikhāî hai ॥
Uñce nice bîca kîca kaṇṭaka na pîḍe paga,
Sāhasa gayanda gati atisukha dāî hai।
Bhārî bhayakārî niśi nipaṭa akelî tum
Nāhiñ prāṇa=nātha sātha prema jo sahāî hai ॥॥

Translation :

〈He〉 "Thou hast bought me for a price,
Coming thus unbidden, I know thy love".
〈She〉 "Ah, Ghanaśyām! the cloud=wreath's
bidding it was that brought me here".
〈He〉 "Grief is manifest wheresover thy body
is not seen:
How didst thou see thy way?"
〈She〉 "Lightning showed me the path."
〈He〉 "Up hill and down dale and through the
mud, did not the thorns hurt thy feet?

XXVII Krsna-Abhisārikā



XXVII-a. Vāsaka-śayyā 〈Varsā〉

〈She〉 "Courage like an elephant's gave me great comfort."

〈He〉 "The night is very fearsome and thou quite alone"

〈She〉 "Nay, Lord of my Life, Love is my companion".

〈Coomaraswamy〉.

Sometimes the picture of a rainy night, is visualized in the poignant grief of the lover of the Vāsakā-śayyā type, who ready dressed, for the meeting, vainly waits at the bed-side, for the coming of her beloved whom the rains prevent from coming. When asked by her confidante, to beguile the tedium by enjoying the beauty of nature drenched and purified by the rain, she retorts: "when can I cast my eyes on the beauty of the landscape, across my bed-chamber? The beauty of the rains is not for me, I am more agitated by the rain of my tears, which drench my limbs, as I wait in vain. Oh, when can I look round to admire the pageantry of the trees polished by the rains,—for I have no time to cast my gaze elsewhere for my sleepless eyes must needs be rivetted to the empty bed—in a ceaseless vigil through the rains,—standing at I do, like a wary sentinel watching the empty bed—for he has not come!"

निज नैननको बरषा बरषा तरसा तन आँसुन धोवती हैं ।
कहुं राम चरित्र न रोवती हैं दिलकी दिलही बिच गोवती हैं ॥
हाम तो नित पावसकी रितुमें सखि सूनिही सेज टटोवती हैं ।
धनि वै धनि पावसकी रतियाँ पतिकी छतियाँ लगि सोवती हैं ॥

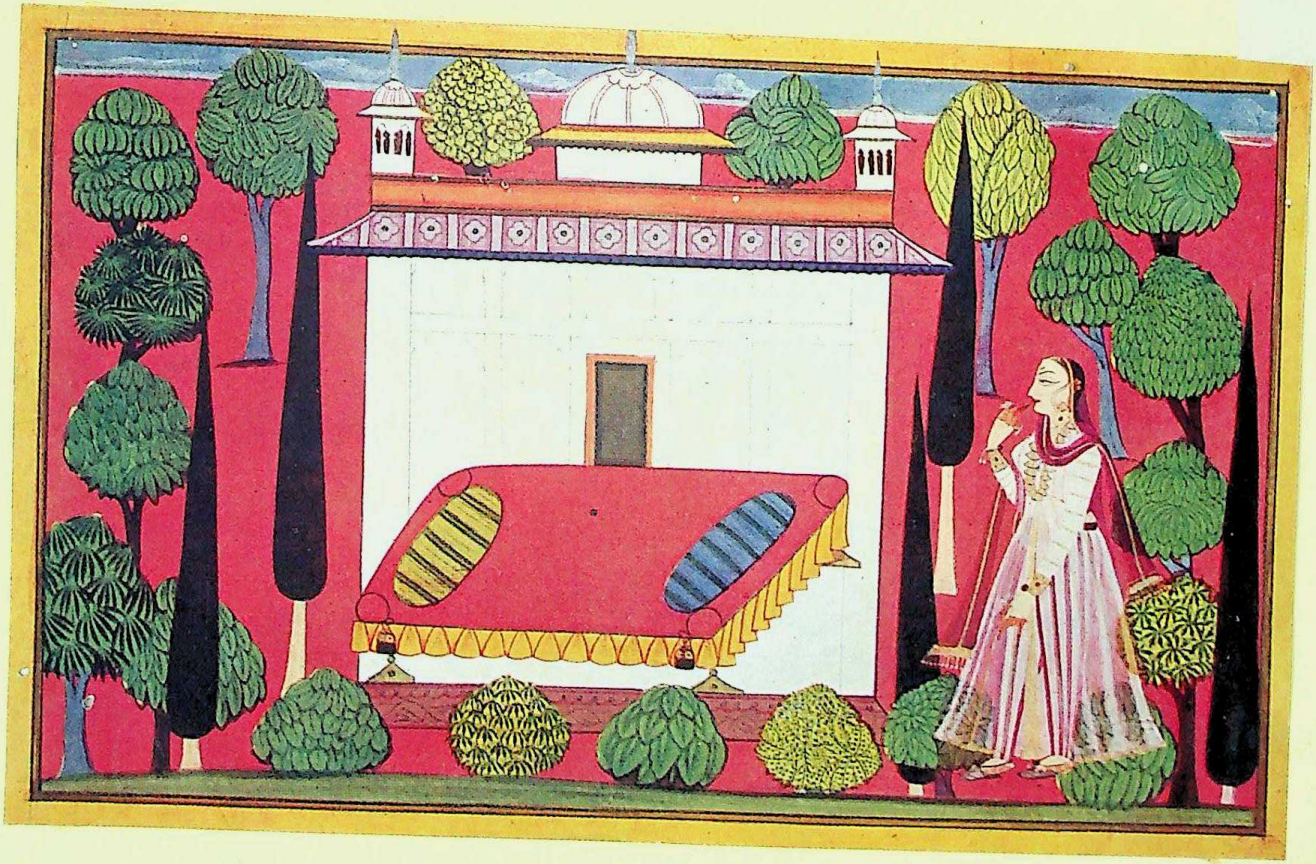
Nija nainanako baraṣā baraṣā taraṣā tana
āṅsuna dhobatî haiṅ ।
Kahuṅ Rāma=caritra na rovatî haiṅ dilakî
dilahî vica govatî haiṅ ॥ •*
Hama to nita pāvasakî ritumeṅ sakhi
sūnihî seja ṭaṭovatî haiṅ ।
Dhani vai dhani pāvasakî ratiyāṅ
patikî chatiyāṅ lagi sovatî haiṅ ॥

Translation :

'The streams from my own eyes drench my limbs
in ceaseless rain, * * *
Oh! my comrade, during the months of the rain
I can do nothing else but watch and guard as
a sentinel—the empty bed ⟨of my beloved⟩.
Those indeed are fortunate damsels who can
honour the rainy nights by sleeping with
their breasts affixed to those of their beloved."

⟨Plate XXVII=a⟩.

* This line is un-intelligible and has not been translated.



XXVIII Vāsaka-śayyā ⟨Varṣā⟩.

When interpreted in the life of the divine lovers, the Scene of Rain is laid in the noonday pasture, where Rādhā is represented as meeting Kṛṣṇa in the company of His flock of cows and His cowherd comrades. A sudden heavy shower drives all to part company and every member of the group seeks improvised shelter, leaving the happy pair in close company under a common cloak :

घनश्याम और राधा विनोद भरै
रहै एकहि कमरीमे सटकाई ।

'Ghanaśyāma our Rādhā vinoda bharé
rahe ekahi kamarîme saṭakāyî ।

"The dark-complexioned one and Rādhā out of dalliance locked themselves up inside one and the same wrapper."

A somewhat parallel idea is suggested in a verse perhaps to be attributed to Bihārī :—

नेख उठावो लाल पीताम्वर भिँजे मेरि सुरंग चुनरिया
नाँहि नाँहि बुन्दन वरषन लागि भिँजे मेरि सुरंग चुनरिया ।

Nekha uthāvo lāla pītāṃvara
bhiñje mere suraṅga cunariyā ।
Nāhi nāhi vundana varaṣana lāgi
bhiñje mere suraṅga cunariyā ।

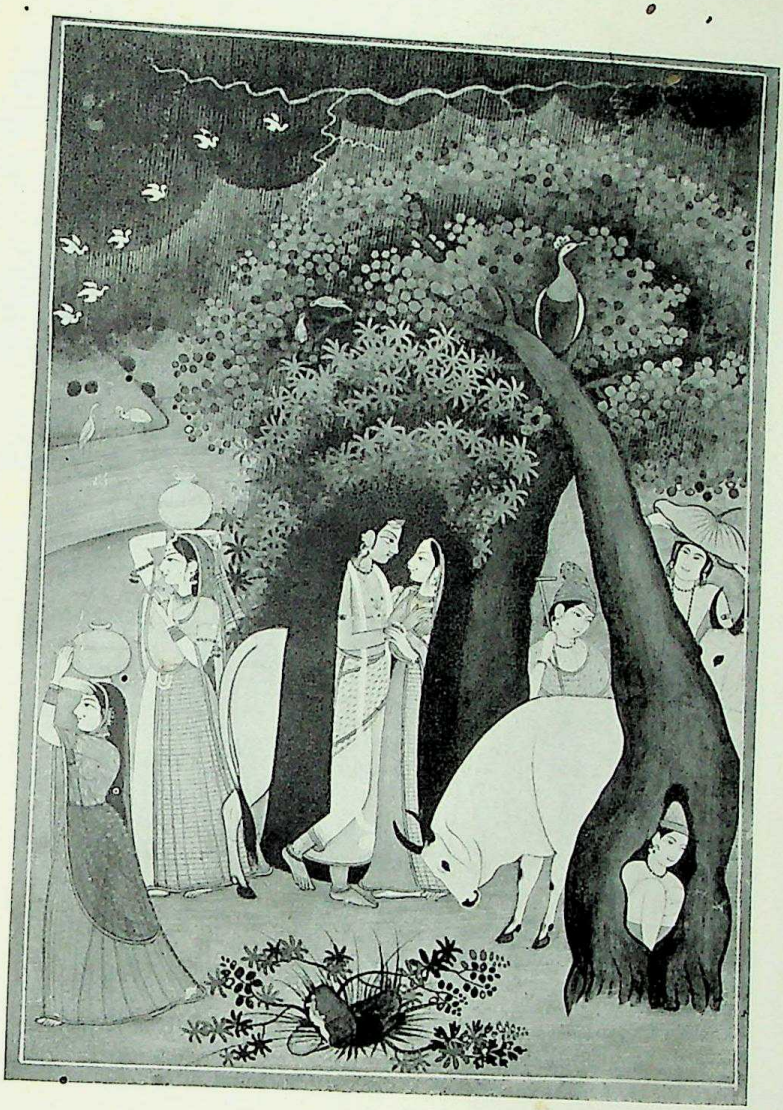
Translation :

'Cover my coloured garments,
O ! Beloved ! with your yellow tunic,
For my garments and gears are getting drenched,
Little drops have started pouring,
O ! Dear ! my gears and garments are getting drenched !'

An anonymous Hindi poet has drawn a very vivid picture of two lovers—in their "Enjoyment of Rain"—on a dark background of a rainy landscape which picks out the lovers in bright colours endowed with a poignant sense of nature in sympathy with human love : ⟨Plate XXVIII⟩.

नित चातक चायसों बोलो करौ मुरवानको सोर सुहावन है ।
चमकै चपला चहुँ चाव चढ़ी घन घोर घटा बरसावन है ॥
पलकौ पपिहा न रहो चुप ह्वै अरु पौन चहूँ दिशि आवन है ।
मिलि प्यारी पिया लपटैं छतियाँ सुखको सरसावन सावन है ॥

Nita cātaka cāyasoiṅ volo karai
muravānako sora suhāvana hai ।
Camakai capalā cahuṅ cāva caḍhi
ghana ghora ghaṭā varsāvana hai ॥
Palakau papihā na raho cupa hvai
aru pauna cahūṅ diśi āvana hai ।
Mili pyārī-piyā lapataiṅ chatiyāṅ
Sukhako sarasāvana sāvana hai ॥



XXIX. Varṣā-Vihāra

Translation:

'The cuckoo every minute shrieks sweetly out of joy,
The voice of the peacock is no less sweet,
The lightning flashes from all the four quarters,
And the thick black clouds have started pouring.
The voice of the hawk-cuckoo for a moment is not still,
And gales from all quarters rush, in stormy steps!
The Lover and the Beloved, with their bosoms to bosoms do meet,
For Sāwana ⟨i. e. July⟩ is the month which soaks all up and makes happiness more happy.'

We have finished our tiny collection. We must end, as we began, by apologizing that our searches for typical examples have been very perfunctory, —for our acquaintance with Hindi poetry has been very poor and superficial. Probably, many of our readers may be able to dive deeper and bring forth pearls more shining than those that we have been able to gather.

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